24.

THE HUMBLE PETITIONS OF HIS MAJESTIES

Truly Loyal PROTESTANT Subjects, by ſome called PRESBYTERIANS, for a bleſſed Reformation.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty,

WOULD you but baniſh all your friends,
And let our Petitioners have their Ends--
Call 'em good Subjects and make 'em amends;
This is the time.

Would you your power of Pardon loſe,
And give us leave to call all thoſe
(You know your friends) the Kingdomes Foes;
This &c.

Would your Majeſty pleaſe to prefer all thoſe
Who to a Subſidy Bill Hollow out (*Noes*).
So by making one friend to aſſure you ten Foes;
This &c.

Would you lets have the Souldiery at our Command,
Diſinherit your Brother out of hand,
And ſo intail a War upon the Land;
This &c.

Would you give M. leave to undo
Himſelf and all the Nation too;
And him that oppoſes it think your Foe;
This &c.

Would

Would your Majeſty pleaſe to ſtile all thoſe Papiſts,
That are not either rank Presbyterians or Atheiſts,
And ne're think of th' miſtake till it too late is;
This &c.

Would you the Lord Preſident diſgrace,
And lets call him Papiſt to his face,
And put our friend *Harris* in *L'Eſtranges* place;
This, &c.

Would you hang *Scroggs*, 'tis no matter for reaſon,
And all thoſe that won't be perjur'd in ſeaſon--
And give us a Patent for talking of Treaſon;
This &c.

Would your Majeſty let us invent and diſcloſe
Grand frailties in you which no body knows
And let ours be wink't at, though much greater than thoſe;
This &c.

Would you lets into the Prerogative ſearch,
Lets murder the Biſhops and Plunder the Church,
Lead the Lords by the Noſe, and then leave 'em in the Lurch;
This &c.

Would you let us the good Old Cauſe renew.
Tax evil Counſellors and Tacitly you
Firſt *Straffordize Lauderdale*, and next your ſelf too;
This is the time.

And your Petitioners ſhall ever pray, &c.

The true intent, and meaning of many (though not the most, nor best) of the late Petitioners.

Wee humbly crave your Majestie
To grant to us the Liberty
Of Fourty one, two, and three;

Wee'll vote the Lords useleſſe once more,
And turne the Bishops out of doore,
And murder Charles, as Charles before.

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